

The Brethren Evangelist.

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"Let us go on unto perfection."

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Between the Lights.

A little pause in life, while daylight lingers
Between the sunset and the pale moonrise,
When daily labor slips from weary fingers,
And soft, gray shadows veil the aching eyes.

Peace, peace, the Lord of earth and heaven knoweth
The human soul in all its heat and strife;
Out of his throne no stream of Lethe floweth,
But the clear river of eternal life.

Serve him in daily work and earnest living,
And faith shall lift thee to his sunlit heights;
Then shall a psalm of gladness and thanksgiving
Fill the calm hour that comes between the lights.

—Sunday Magazine.

What is Your Life?

It is far easier to propound this question than to answer it. The what, the how, and the why perplexes us at every step of our investigation of truth, especially in our existence here, as to its essence and nature walled round with difficulties.

Surely we know not what we shall be when we pass from this earthly state. This knowledge is too high for us. Reason, however, dictates that analogy will hold between that life and this. Good and evil are the same here that they will be hereafter and their tendencies and results will be the same. What then are the tendencies and results of bad lives here? If we settle this question it will give us much light as to the future. What are the issues of a life of avarice? Hardness, sourness, stinginess, until the soul starves and the loosening grip lets fall the gold that damned the soul yet might have made it happy. What are the issues of a life of drunkenness? Redness of eyes, wounds without cause, feebleness, delirium tremens, and death. Is that all? What are the issues of a life of dishonesty? Lying, theft, suicide or execution. Is that all? Sin when it hath conceived in this world bringeth forth death magnified by all that makes it a king of terror. But, this is not all, "For 'tis not all of life to live nor all of death to die." "There is a death whose pangs outlast the fleeting death." The soul loaded with the chains it has forged, surrounded with the company it has kept and helped to make, diseased, degraded, continues to live, but without hope. This present existence is to all men a hopeful one. Were it not, we would not, we could not abide in it. Three months of utter despair would sweep the world of its inhabitants. Hope makes our probation endurable, and may make it pleasurable. How intolerable must be a hopeless life in a still worse estate than that of sinful mortals. Their expectation pall is spread. Their memory lives only to revert to slighted mercy and offended love. Their remorse furious, implacable, is turned loose upon our trembling spirits. O hopeless home! In what impenetrable gloom are hid the issues of a life of impenitent sin? Is such a life yours? Hear, ye deaf; answer, ye dumb. *What is your life?* What its hopes beyond the grave? What your toil and what its wages? Death, hopeless existence. Let us turn to a more pleasing theme. Of what sort is a life of righteousness? As to its nature it is one of gratitude. The generous, noble and beautiful principle distinguishes this life as true and good and stands in contrast with the base ingratitude of a sinful life. It says to God, I thank thee, O Father, and this thank you of the soul is, with one exception, the most joyous emotion of which we are capable. "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and the heart is more rejoiced with the exercise of benevolence or charity than at being the recipient of this love. To give, to receive love, pure and holy, the best boon on earth and greatest blessing of heaven, are both the privilege of righteousness. A life of righteousness is one of gratitude, but the grateful are full of greatness. They are generous, the generous are brave, the brave are noble, the noble are pure, and the pure are peaceful. O the depth of the riches of the righteousness of Jesus Christ. Gratitude accepts Christ and grows generous because she receives of his spirit, brave because she feels that omnipotence is at her right hand, noble because she imbibes something of Deity, to whom she is consecrated, pure from God's displeasure, and peaceful because the Father hath said "Peace, be still" to the rising waves of the restless hearts.

As to nature it is a life of faith as distinguished from one of infidelity and of fruition, as distinguished from despair. It is full of hope, the source of expectation, is its author and giver. But what as to its influence?

The soul that says "thank thee, Father" says also with the same breath, "Bless thee, brother." The two states are one and indissoluble. He and he alone who feels God's fatherhood can properly exercise human brotherhood, and if he feels the one the other is inevitable.

Religious influence is the magnolia of the moral world, a thing of beauty and of fragrance, nay more, it is next to Gilead's balm for healing these mortal wounds of immortal spirits. The influence of a righteous life in its power, in its permanency, in its excellence, and in its fruits, is a fruitful theme. I have no time at present to follow it, but turn briefly to consider it. Of what sort are they? What we shall be with Christ in God. We know, however, we shall be like him, unspeakably glorious, the riches of the possibilities set before God's purpose in making him, and it is to be consistent. As sure as the purple of the universe, "Made a little while yet, through and through with glory and honor. As we look upon ourselves and behold poor, weak, sinful creatures, there is a depreciation of man's inherent greatness, which, through grace and under grace shall reach perfect development. The little occupant of the cradle is one of the weakest of all God's creatures, yet he is possessed of an infinite and immortal mind. Who can fix bounds to his attainments? His capacity for knowledge and enjoyments enlarge without limit. So far as we can tell a million of cycles of years will not abate his strength. With God for our teacher, the universe for our studies and eternity for our life time, what attainments may we not make, what rapture of spirit may we not expect? What then is our lives? These few brief years allotted to man below? The pivot of destiny around which our souls turn to eternal doom, ah, the folly of squandering time and trifling with opportunities of choosing rashly and following lust and sin! "Choose this day," for life is but a day, a short, winter day. Which of the two eternal destinies will you have? "Eternity, where will you spend it?" This is our probationary life; an opportunity to choose heaven and happiness. Reader, have you begun your life work? Delay it not.

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Good Health.

God wants us to offer him our very best physical condition. Why did Paul write for his cloak at Troas? Why should such a great man as Paul be anxious about a thing so insignificant as an overcoat? It is because he knew that Paul, with pneumonia and rheumatism, would not be worth half as much to God and to the church as Paul with respiration easy and foot free. An intelligent Christian man would consider it absurdity to go to bed at night and say his prayers and ask God to keep him from the same time he kept his tight shut against fire. He would just as soon think of going to New York and Brooklyn, leaving God to keep him from the realm of whimsicality to the butcher or the baker or the apothecary or the clothier you are no Christian. The care of all your physical forces—nervous, muscular, bone, brain, cellular tissue—for all this, you must be brought into requisition when the world is on fire. Smoking your nervous system into fidgets, burning out the coating of your stomach with wine logwooded and strychnined, walking through snow-banks with thin shoes to make your feet look delicate, pinched at the waist until you are nigh cut in two, and neither part worth anything, groaning about sick headache and a palpitation of the heart, which you think come from God when they come from the devil. You are no Christian, and never will be until you cease to deface the temple of the Holy Ghost.—Talmage.

What is Fun.

Some one said to me, "Would you shut us young folks out from all fun?" Oh, no. I like fun. I believe in fun. I have had lots of it in my time. But I have not had to go

into paths of sin to find it. No credit to me, but because of an extraordinary parental example and influence I was kept from outward transgressions, though my heart was bad enough, and desperately wicked. I have had fun illimitable, though I never swore one oath, and never gambled for so much as the value of a pin, and never saw the inside of a haunt of sin save, as when ten years ago, with commissioner of police and a detective and two elders of my church, I explored these cities by midnight, not out of curiosity, but that I might, in pulpit discourse, set before the people the poverty and the horrors of underground city life. Yet I have had so much fun that I do not believe there is a man on the planet in the present time who has had more fun, and on the side of right. Sin may seem attractive, but it is deathful, and, like the manchineel, a tree whose dew is poisonous. The only genuine happiness is in an honest Christian life. There is no fun in shipwrecking your character; no fun in disgracing your father's name. There is no fun in breaking your mother's heart. There is no fun in the physical pangs of the dissolute. There is no fun in the profligate's death-bed. There is no fun in an undone eternity. Paracelsus, out of the ashes of a burnt rose, said he could re-create the rose, but he failed in the alchemic undertaking, and roseate life once burned down in sin can never again be made to blossom.—Talmage.

The Russian edicts against the Jews, it has been announced, are to be enforced. These edicts, passed in 1882, have not hitherto been carried into effect. Contradictory reports are made as to the action now taken; but the laws have not been repealed, and are liable to be enforced, if the order has not actually been issued. According to these laws the residence of Jews is restricted to certain towns; no Jew may own land, or hire it for agricultural purposes, or have any part in working the mines, or enter the army, or practice any profession, or hold posts under the government. The widespread indignation against such barbarous decrees seems most natural; and it is difficult to realize that within half a century the Jews rested under disabilities in England, and that Christian people thought that they were testifying to their abhorrence of the Jews' sin of rejecting Christ by themselves violating His commandments. The change in the attitude of the nations towards the ancient people to whom the gospel first came is but one of the many indications that the world is growing better. That this improvement is through the influence of God's word is recognized by prominent Jews, who recently disclaimed any opposition on their part to the reading of the Bible in public schools, because they had observed that where the Bible had the freest entrance they were not subjected to persecution.

The result of the Johnstown flood can now be definitely known from the elaborate report issued by the Secretary of the Relief Commission. The number of lives lost amounted to 2,142, which includes 99 entire families. The property loss is estimated at \$11,871,605, of which sum \$9,674,105 was the estimated loss as given by the sworn statements of claimants for aid, and the remainder covering losses of which no statement was made. The contributions made in response to the need amounted to \$3,742,818.78, the sum raised in the United States being \$3,601,507.80. How wide was the sympathy felt and how closely the world is knit together may be seen when it is considered that aid was sent from Australia, Austria, British Columbia, Manitoba, Canada, England, France, Germany, Ireland, Italy, Mexico, Persia, Prussia, Saxony, Turkey and Wales. Sympathy may not root out all selfishness; but unprecedented disaster is certainly met by unprecedented generosity, and the Johnstown flood will be remembered quite as much for the liberality it occasioned as for the suffering it caused.

REASON—FAITH.—Reason is of a low stature, and cannot see the promise; we must ascend by faith; then, and not till then, will the soul see Jesus.—GURNALL.

A GREAT EVENT.—The mission of the Son of God to this world is the greatest event in history.

GREATEST TEMPTATIONS.—The greatest temptations often come close after the highest and sweetest experiences.